Story of my life

Curimuch

Harvest Moon

Complete

Created by FicLab

www.ficlab.com

Story of my life

Curimuch

Copyright Information

This ebook was automatically created by FicLab v1.0.110 on December 8th, 2024, based on content retrieved from www.fanfiction.net/s/5085743/.

The content in this book is copyrighted by Curimuch or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved unless explicitly stated otherwise. Please do not share or republish this work without the express permission of the copyright holder.

If you are the author or copyright holder, and would like further information about this ebook, please read the author FAQ at www.ficlab.com/author-faq.

This story was first published on May 24th, 2009, and was last updated on May 24th, 2009.

FicLab ID: _XeYakWr/m4gl8olj/10700E581

Table of Contents

Cover
Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. Story of my life

Summary

title	Story of my life
author	Curimuch
source	https://www.fanfiction.net/s/5085743/
published	May 24th, 2009
updated	May 24th, 2009
words	1,254
chapters	1
status	Complete
rating	Fiction K+
tags	Chase, Complete, Family, Fanfiction, Games, Harvest Moon, Humor

Description

The story of a stay at home daddy. Chase POV

1. Story of my life

A/N:This is a birthday present for my dear friend, Yoru no angel~ Enjoy your Chase family!

Hi.

My name is Chase.

I'm a thirty year old stay-at-home dad.

My wife does the work. Not like that's bad at all, y'know? I cook her wholesome meals three times a day, I watch and moralize the kids, and I also keep the house clean; so it's totally a fair trade in my eyes. Hey, even on many occasions I use my talented hands on her sometimes; pretty good deal. My daughter, who is my eldest child, is named Rosemary. My son who appeared three years later is named Oliver.

I couldn't think of anything besides foods and seasonings; it's my life, and if I had to be around them twenty-four-seven and call their names a lot, it'd have to be names I like coming out of my beautiful voice box. They don't mind, and I still call Oliver 'Olive' as I wanted, but he doesn't mind the extra 'r' to sound 'normal'. Whatever. My spawn aren't normal, and neither am I, and I don't think my awesome wife is either. Unnaturally cute, that she is, and so is my lovely daughter who shares my birthday~

Wonderful day it is today, yes.

Two times the special, two times the cake, two times the joy. Or maybe four times the joy since we all are joyous?

Today my lovely pumpkin is eight, while my handsome son is still four, but soon he'll be five. Admittedly, carving a five shaped ornament is easier than an eight, so I am going to make an eight shaped cake instead. That's just cool and creative, that's right, and I know just how to do it. As much as I love to show my good apples how to cook, not today. But that's okay, Little Olive loves to follow his mommy around, anyway. And hopefully Gillia is keeping my baby away from that pesky Roy and his rough ways; he gets no cake. No way no how.

Speaking of pesky little boys and birthdays, it does make me think of how far this family has come, my family. Something I did not have

eight years ago, but I do not want to go to the depressive route! That's no fun.

Let's just say I am happy and grateful, even though at first it was noisy and smelly, and it occurred again three years later. But now that's over, it's rather pleasant, only for it to inevitably get horrible again when she hits her teenage years. Oh bother, why am I going there now? Parenthood, I love and hate you. I say I am pretty good, especially with no influences! Sometimes I feel like the better stay-at-home daddy than Gill. Hoho, the irony… His little Gillia is likely to come over too, 'Gill in a skirt' as I call her. Even his wife jokingly named their daughter after him. Though, people call my pumpkin 'Chase in a skirt', though my apron looks like one, so whatever~ The more she's likes me the better.

Pink and orange go well, I hope. Her favorite color is pink, and she loves strawberries, and orange is my favorite color and I love oranges. The cakes will combine and make a lovely eight, though I am thirty, I am making her the star~

Just that Julius better hurry up with those special sparkling hair clips for her!

"Chase-honey!"

Oh there he goes.

"In the kitchen, you zany man."

"Oh, okay~ I got her barrettes! Do I get pumpkin pudding in retuuuurn?"

"Sure, sure," I reply. Boy did I have *that* ready for his arrival. The sooner he, his singing voice, and clicking heels are gone, the better. I do not want my soufflé for the inn to deflate because of his noise. "It's right here, nicely packed and ready to go."

"Are you kicking me out already?"

"Yes."

"Blunt man," the odd little man giggled and thankfully walked out with his prized pudding.

Because of him, I feel bad calling my starlet 'pumpkin' sometimes. People say *I'm* feminine? What about him? Sheesh, some people.

Ah, the oven rings which comes to combining the masterpieces into even prettier, glossier, or sleeker masterpieces! And the wife comes through the door, I must be marvelous as I decorate and create!

“Chase, are you dancing in the kitchen again?” she asks me.

“Indeed I am, I am creating magic~” I tease, I must charm her in her to see me. She often comes and goes during the day, but today she must stay. “Doesn’t the aroma pull you in?”

“Yes, it smells wonderful, Chase,” oh how I love her sweetness. Never can I make a cake that would match her.

“Come, lovely. You must want a snack.”

“Later, Peach-locks, I am dirty and got to go back out,” she replied and left once more. “And because of you, I speak in a weird rhyming way!”

“It’s called being in-sync, love!” I retorted, but I am sure she did not hear me, being the hasty woman she is. Sigh. Ah well, at least I have cake to decorate! As boring vanilla can be on the tongue, it is pleasant on the eye with its fine white coat. After making wonderfully perfect swirls, I add to it with sugar flowers, yes. She gets the flowers, I get the thick sprinkles. What a silly cake this is, never would I thought to make an informal cake such as this; how fun.

“Daddy? Is it done yet? I can only keep her aback for so long,” my handsome son also picked up my speech.

“Isn’t Gillia doing her part?”

“Sister is more ambitious than usual today!” he worriedly replied.

“Oh, it is sunset…” I mumble to myself in thought. To reassure my little boy, I called him into the kitchen and said, “Your mother will hold her back just a little longer!” I love his smiles, it makes me want to pinch his rosy cheeks he got from his Mommy-dearest. He politely sat himself at the dinner table while I placed his food in front of him and dimmed the lights.

“Mom, come on! Come on! There shall be cake and spectacular dining tonight!” I hear my eager daughter cheer to Holly-dear.

I sat down at the head chair and placed the cake in the middle of the table in a dim spotlight.

Perfect.

As soon as the two barged in, Olive and I cheered, “Happy birthday!”

“Happy birthday!” Holly-dear and Rosie say in return and take their seats.

I pushed the fancy box that held the hair clips to her, as she slid a box towards me as well. I opened mines and saw an assortment of… “Hair clips?”

“Woah.”

“Oh jeeze, hivemind. Lovely, hivemind.” I thought aloud and clipped them into my hair. Clipping noises echoed through out the quiet room because we were moving at the exact same pace; it was so nice. So heart warming.

“Mom, don’t pinch the cake!”

“Oliver! Don’t tattle tell on me!”

“Mom! If anyone’s going to be pinching cakes its *me!*”

Hoo boy..these guys. Nice moment switches off an in immediate storm of cake blobs and laughter. Joining in. Why not?

Story of my life.